

GIRLS OF THE MARQUESAS Bred for Love

ACE

RAGE

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 35¢

Smutville, U.S.A.

SMUTVILLE, U.S.A.

Once known as a glamorous center of Broadway night life, world famous Times Square has become a seething cauldron of vice, prostitution and perversion where anything goes.

IN THIS ISSUE:
BEAUTIFUL TEAR-OUT PIN-UPS IN COLOR

ENCOUNTER WITH THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN

True Adventure in the Malayas

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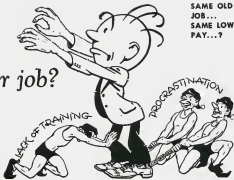
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#398

Time of Your Life

With Maurice de Parée
FASHIONS

C-1998

1998-1999. The new look in fashion is to wear a long, flowing dress with a full skirt. This dress is made of a soft, flowing fabric and has a full skirt that flares out. It is a beautiful dress that is perfect for a formal occasion.

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I ENCOUNTERED THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN

I fired once, and then again . . .
there was no sign of the bullets
striking the monster.

SOME SAY HE DOES, SOME
SAY HE DOESN'T EXIST. BUT
I KNOW FOR SURE THAT
THERE IS AN ABOMINABLE
SNOWMAN—BECAUSE
I SAW HIM!

By SONAM TAKI

as told to

RICHARD PLATT

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Sonam Taki is a Sherpa guide, one of the natives of Nepal who live in the Himalaya Mountains and spend their lives traversing the slopes of Everest, Annapurna, and the other great peaks which make up the "top of the world." Sonam is a veteran of numerous climbing expeditions, but his most incredible exploit occurred in April, 1959, on the slope of Kanchenjunga just above his own village. This is his own account of that exploit, as he told it to Richard Platt in Darjeeling, India, a few months afterward. A well-educated Sherpa, who speaks English, knows how to use modern guns and exploration equipment, and is not carried away by local superstitions, Sonam is a reliable observer and a clear-headed one. This is his story, just as he lived it.)

I WAS at the little settlement of my tribe on the slope of Mount Kanchenjunga, which is the third highest mountain in the world. It was just before the storm season, early in the month of April. We were right below the Zemu Gap, a pass 19,000 feet high that cuts through from the Tibetan side of the Himalayas on

the northeast, to the Nepalese side, on the southwest slopes.

There have been signs of the Yek Tek (Abominable Snowmen) for many years around the Gap. We knew they were there. We had seen their tracks, and two of the oldest men had seen one of them at a distance years before. He was very big, over seven feet tall, and broad, and covered with heavy, reddish brown hair, and had a tall, pointed head. The hair covered his whole body, but not his face. And when the men from our tribe followed him, they could not keep up with him. He climbed straight up a steep wall, and disappeared into the Gap.

Another time one of our yaks strayed away, and I followed his tracks in the snow. Suddenly they were mingled with tracks like those of a bare-footed man, only bigger than the feet of any man, and there was snow kicked up and marks of a fierce struggle and much blood, and the yak's tracks ended there, but the giant man foot-prints went off again, and behind them there was the bloody track of the yak's body being dragged along. Finally the tracks disappeared against the foot of a rock face too steep for any man to climb without a rope and a pick. But a small streak of blood high up on the rock told the story. The Yek Tek had gone up the rock carrying the yak with him.

I looked at that and trembled. What could any man do if he caught up with such a monster? The strongest man would never be a match for the Abominable Snowman. And yet I dreamed of someday seeing this strange creature. I was to see that dream come true in a way that would always haunt me.

On that day in April of last year, it happened.

My friend, Bhuta Rau, came running down the trail, waving to me and shouting something I could not understand as I stood in front of my stone hut scanning the sky for a coming blizzard. I watched him for a moment and then I realized that he was very frightened and was shouting the same thing over and over. I started towards him, and then I heard

it.

"Rana. Rana's gone. It's got Rana. It's got Rana!"

"What's got Rana," I cried as I approached him. Rana was his young sister—a small, soft-voiced girl with great dark eyes as rich as velvet, skin like flower petals, and the face and form of a beautiful woman-to-be. She was only 16 years old, but already was gazed at with unconcealed longing by men from the nearby villages. Since their parents were dead, Bhuta, who was 24, looked after her closer than most fathers do their daughters.

"Yeh Teh, Yeh Teh! Yeh Teh has Rana—There—There!" He waved his arm furiously in the direction from which he had come, and up, up the slope, toward the Zemu Gap. There was an agony of fear in his face, and his voice was shrill with terror.

He turned back. "Please, bring help! Follow me! I am going back after her," he shouted over his shoulder.

I tried to hold him a minute, and find out more about it, but he shook off my grip, and started running. He only looked back once more, and there was utter desperation in his face.

"I saw the tracks. Yeh Teh carried her off. I must catch them. Come quickly," he called "as he ran.

I felt a chill of fear as I thought of Rana in the grasp of the creature who had carried off a yak and climbed the rock faces a man couldn't find a grip on. I turned and shouted to the other men, and when they came running, I told them what had happened. We hurried after Bhuta. He was far ahead of us, running among the rocks, but we could still see him. As we rushed after him, I thought "he has no chance of catching the monster, but if he did, what could he do?" And, I wondered, what could any of us do? Poor, pretty young Rana. She was certainly lost. And if any of us should overtake the snowman, we would be lost, too.

The full force of the horror struck me, and I felt the full taste of fear, for myself, for all of us, for Bhuta and Rana. But at the


(continued on page 50)

Girl With A Snake

Movie starlets are the same the world over. They like to think of themselves as dramatic actresses but they're hired to show off their glamour and the more they show the greater the chance they have for success. Yuko Mori, the Japanese beauty, is no exception. Although she is classified as a dramatic actress, she has had no acting experience. In her short career with Daiichi Motion Picture Studios, she has played nothing but glamour bits with a minimum of lines. In all likelihood these are the kind of parts she will go on having unless she gets a real break.

As for the snakes, Yuko has a yen for the slimy creatures. Well, to each his own.





In her next movie, Miss Mori
plays a night club dancer.



Here she is shown practicing a few steps



After work Miss Mori goes home to her cool snakes and lets them curl around her curves.

With her day's work done and the snakes tucked into bed, Yuko now can relax and just be glamorous.



ISLAND OF SIN



**FOR FOOTLOOSE MEN IN
SEARCH OF ROMANTIC
ADVENTURE THIS CARIBBEAN
RETREAT IS THE PERFECT
MECCA...**

NOWHERE in the entire Caribbean is sin so rampant as it is in San Juan, capital of Puerto Rico. Although prostitution is actually illegal on this island, as in any other part of the United States, the local police notoriously turn the other way as thousands of girls practice their nightly business of sin.

On Calle Del Cristo, Calle Fortaleza or Calle San Cristo, literally known as the "street of sin," the Putas ("ladies of the evening") can be found in abundance plying the world's oldest profession. Though the thought of so many love-for-sale ladies openly soliciting might sound depressing, there is nothing dismal about this area, and any overnight lover with a few bucks in his pocket will tell you that no other part of San Juan can match it in color, liveliness and come-hither appeal. And there's a good reason for this—the Putas are like no other

prostitutes in the world. Enjoying themselves, to them, is the most important part of their job.

No matter how much money some playboy might be willing to part with for a dish of "instant love," if he doesn't appeal to the Puta of his affection, it's no go. She'll try to let him down easy, finding all sorts of excuses to avoid that trip to the boudoir. But if necessary she'll give him a flat "no" and when this girl says "no" she means "no."

On the other hand if a Puta sees someone she likes in one of the bars she hangs out in, and he doesn't react immediately to her charms, there's nothing she'll stop at to arouse his interest. She'll manage to bump into him and before separating she'll slither all over him like a snake. She'll feel his muscles and whisper breathfully in his ear. If he still doesn't respond, she'll tauntingly question his virility. And as a last resort, she'll offer "it" to him for nothing.

The Putas are different from other "ladies of the evening" in another respect, too—an all important respect. When someone takes one of these joy-girls to a hotel room, it isn't one of those wham, bam, thank you ma'am deals. The passionate Putas en-

On Calle Fortaleza, in front of shoe shop, a prostitute waits for customers. Hand motion is subtle way of soliciting.



The Puta has to enjoy her work or the other side of the bed remains empty.

This bar, on the corner of the notorious Calle Del Cristo, is a favorite hangout for prostitutes.



joy sex, and their dates all enjoy a hectic but leisurely paced tingling time.

Although the Putas all work as individuals, they almost all ask for ten dollars. But, after bargaining, they'll settle for as low as two dollars for a room. Since brothels are outlawed in San Juan, the harlots usually enjoy their business in hotels, rooming houses or in the private rooms above, below or behind the bars they frequent.

The reason so many girls in San Juan turn to prostitution has a great deal to do with the city's unwritten but carefully observed social rules. The "good" girls, *Borinqueñas*, are carefully watched and supervised from childhood on. Some even still have *dueñas* who are never apart from their charges—even on dates, at parties and dances.

If a *Borinqueña* should decide to work, social rules will not allow



In San Juan, bars are labeled "On Limits" or "Off Limits" depending on whether they are crowded with Putas (prostitutes). You can guess which are the most popular.



San Juan prostitutes are not camera shy.

her to find employment except as a teacher, in a government office or a department store. Girls who work as waitresses or in any similar menial type of job are not accepted socially. And since society frowns on them, the untrained girl figures she might as well become a prostitute. Since she makes a lot of money, compared to what the other San Juan working women earn, the storekeepers and merchants treat a Puta with the same respect they do a Borinquena.

Putas turn up from everywhere but the greatest percentage of them come from two of the filthiest slum sections in Puerto Rico, El Fanguito and La Perla. The girls from these sections will do anything to escape the life led by their parents. Even some of the married women in these parts will become Putas to better their way of life. This doesn't necessarily mean that their marriage is broken up since a great many of the husbands look upon prostitution as just another type of job.

Although no one takes out a Puta for conversational reasons, if you give one a chance to talk she'll tell you, in anything from Spanish to pidgin English, that she's always on the look-out for a husband, or at least a permanent lover, who will take care of her

for the rest of her life.

Unlike the prostitutes and call girls in this country, the Putas have no pimps living off their earnings. At the most a Puta might have a lover who shares her bed during her non-working hours but he gets nothing out of her beyond her willingly given affection.

One of the reasons the local police close their eyes to this wide-open traffic in illicit sex is that it is good for business. Word-of-mouth reports from delightfully satisfied customers brings an ever-flowing flock of fun-loving tourists looking for love fun, and tourists with this one thing on their minds are usually big spenders. The married participants rarely leave the island without buying some big gift for their wives to ease their own guilty consciences.

At first glance this Island of Sin seems like the perfect paradise for the over-sexed, under-sexed and perverted, since the Putas' ages range down as low as twelve.

But because the San Juan prostitutes are different from their sister flesh-sellers the world over, there are also certain draw-backs to sharing a bed with one of them. If the man-on-the-love likes variety in his love-play, there's no trick the Putas don't know or

won't perform. But if he likes variety in his love partners, this is not the island for him to visit. Once he's selected a Puta, she expects him to remain loyal to her during his entire stay on the island. If he doesn't and he's caught, he'll get a close-up of how fiery a latin temper can really get.

Like one of our popular cigarettes, the Putas boast that "they satisfy." When a customer switches from one to another, it is like a public announcement that she has failed to live up to the slogan and this leaves her open to all kind of ridicule from her sister joy-girls.

As a rule, a Puta won't take up with a man if she knows he has spent time with another one of her kind. This is not done out of loyalty but purely self-protection. The rejected Puta will avenge her wounded pride by physically attacking any prostitute who has stolen "her man" even if the visitor should be staying in the city only over night. The attack can come in any form from simple hair pulling to knife slashing. As for the fickle lover, he lays himself open to a vitriolic verbal attack at the most inopportune moment—such as when he's dining with the boss, a prospective client or his wife.

There's another drawback, if you like atmosphere, to romanc-

ing a Puta. Since most of the girls come from the slums, the rooms into which they invite their male guests may look like the Waldorf-Astoria to them but are actually dingy, desolate holes without even the benefit of running water. One tourist told this reporter that he thought this was the reason the prostitutes worked so hard on their prospective clients, so by the time they entered the room they would be so worked up they "wouldn't mind the room being as bare as their joy-girl."

Actually, though, the Puta rarely does work-up her date before going to her room. Since most of them work right off the streets, she couldn't even if she wanted to do so. A few of the luckier Putas who have rooms facing the streets can and do lean out of their windows wearing very little so they can show off their charms, but that's about as far as they can go.

As for the Putas who work out of bars they follow a fairly rigid code of behavior which only allows them to use the pisco as contact points. They rarely break this code except in those instances where someone who really catches their fancy doesn't respond as previously noted. Those who go



B-girl spends idle moment reading newspaper in front of bar..

beyond this find that it works against them.

One Puta who was having a run of bad nights, which translates into empty beds, staged her own striptease to the rhythms of the juke-box to attract attention. She found a customer that way but she also found that she wasn't allowed back into the bar. This was a major calamity since the Putas who work out of bars have

an advantage over those who use the streets exclusively. Some men, particularly American tourists, dislike picking up girls on the streets—especially when they have a choice.

Although the Putas aren't the only female company available to strange men, San Juan is not the place for any man who abhors paying for sexual companionship and prefers scoring on his own charm. Getting a date with one of the Borinqueñas is impossible unless you actually know someone who is acquainted with the family and can formally introduce you. Even then, the girl is always so closely guarded that all you can do is talk—or get married.

Besides the Putas the only easily available feminine company to be found are the B-girls. Ostensibly these girls make a living by sharing a table and conversation with you in a bar as long as you continue to buy drinks. Some of these girls work on a straight salary while others work on a commission depending on the number of drinks they can get you to buy. Although they keep drinking along with you, their drinks are usually nothing stronger than sugar water. If you try to keep up with them, you've got

(continued on page 58)

Flushier red light girl, peers relaxedly from her window facing the street and potential customers.



As the evening sun descends, prostitute trods the narrow side street off Calle Del Cristo to her work of sin.



On Calle Del Cristo, prostitutes can be seen leaning over balconies searching for willing males.



Hot Night in Chile

Since it would be impossible to arrange for the entire population of Santiago to visit the Folies Bergère in Paris, the management of the Opera Theatre in Chile's capitol has done the next best thing. They have brought the Folies Bergère to Santiago—or at least their version of it featuring the ribold sketches, fast-paced songs and dances and scantily clad damsels that have made the Folies Bergère the international institution it is today.

To guarantee authenticity, the Opera House has imported a 27-year old French volcano named Xenia Monte who has been wringing applause and sighs from packed houses. Formerly with the original Folies Bergère, Xenia, a statuesque interpretive dancer, delights the customers with her lithe movements and sultry manner. Accompanied by an energetic group of mole dancers and a provocative chorus line, many of them, like herself, from Gay Paree, she brings a touch of naughty Paris to this South American city.

From the high-kicking can-con dancers to the final act set depicting the Eiffel Tower and the Arc de Triomphe the entire production is a reasonable facsimile of the original Folies Bergère—but not as lavish. But how could any version of the Folies fail when the all-pervasive theme is sex with the accent on the female form. Santiago had the right idea and as they said in that song, "South America Took It Away."



The star of the show, Miss Xenia Monte, dressed as a "bird of paradise."



The traditional can-can never fails to bring applause—and encores.



Chorus girl Lita Tamayo, makes up in her dressing room which is covered with photos of herself and friends in show business.





Onstage Xenia emotes and the temperature in the Opera House takes a sharp rise.



No story of Paris life is complete without an occasional mod embrace.



In an interpretive dance, Miss Monte and her male accompanists depict, in a frenzied dance, the colorful life of the Paris Latin Quarters.



Brazilian partner Amadeo Brenhas clasps Xenia in dramatic odagio.



Ladies of the Latin quarter, as Xenia graphically demonstrates, must be flexible.



The entire cast posed against the famous Paris landmarks.





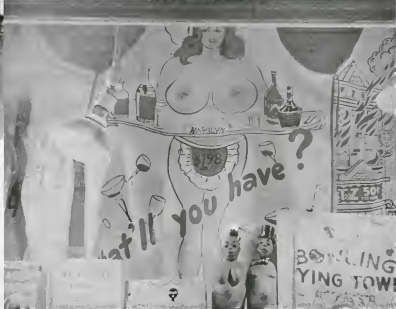
SMUTVILLE, U.S.A.

By LESTER HUTTON

RAGE TAKES YOU ON A DARING TOUR BEHIND THE BRIGHT LIGHTS OF BROADWAY TO EXPOSE THE SEAMY SIDE OF DEGRADED TINSEL . . .

The pictures outside the dance halls are always prettier than the girls inside.

Lewd souvenirs fleece tourists.





UNLESS you live in New York City or have visited it recently, you may still think of Times Square as the glitter capital of the world. Actually, Times Square, once the heart of the Great White Way, has become a mecca for prostitutes, pimps, "pansies," perverts, pick-pockets, procurers, pushers, phonies and pornography peddlers.

The blazingly lit-up blocks, which were once a must-see sight for every tourist, are now, or should be, on the avoid list—unless you're in the mood for slumming.

To give you the real lowdown on what should be called Smutville, U.S.A., this reporter spent two weeks visiting all the joints surrounding the Times Square area at different hours of the day and night.

Except for the flashing of the latest news in electric lights on a revolving newsboard on the side of the New York Times building, the entire atmosphere of Times Square has changed. The feeling of glamor has been replaced by the cheapest carnival flavor. The once great theatres have been allowed to decay into broken down second and third run movie houses and the fine stores that used to surround them have been taken over by the "fast-buck" merchants who will sell anything you can imagine at a price.

Starting on Broadway and walking up 42nd Street from Seventh to Eighth Avenue, you can find every kind of pornography that's ever been printed. Even the so called souvenir shops feature smut along with the miniature Statues of Liberty they sell. Bashful bachelors can buy bed-sheets with full-length nude pictures of their Hollywood favorites, such as Marilyn Monroe, Anita Ekberg and Jayne Mansfield printed on them. There are thousands of obscene business cards, placards and buttons for sale in these shops, too. Of course, compared to what you can find in the over-abundant number of bookshops cramped onto both sides of this one block, this is tame stuff.

The bookshops carry magazines

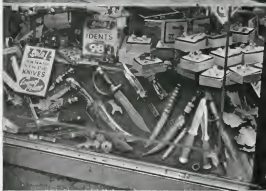
which can be found on no news-stands and feature mostly pictures of nude girls. But these pictures are nothing compared to those sets of girlie pictures wrapped in cellophane, so you can't thumb through them, which are featured on the counters at a minimum of a dollar a package. And these pictures are tame compared to the ones you can buy once they get to know you in almost any of these bookstores. This reporter, after hanging around one of the stores for over a week, was offered a set of novel playing cards. By flipping the edges of the deck, you could get a moving picture of a buxom beauty and a muscle-bound lad, both in the nude. Similar slides and movies were also offered for sale or rent.

These stores also carry a line of books published by companies who, obviously, don't give their addresses. The ones that are openly displayed are mild compared to the ones you can pick up when you become a steady customer, but they're hot enough. To give you an example we'll quote a passage from "Roamin' Circus" by Claude Dauphine (no doubt a fictitious name), a book anyone can buy whether they know you or not.

"Ruth's flimsy, scanty underthings were ripped away and torn off, as though they had been made out of nothing but sheer tissue paper. Then he was grabbing at her breasts, holding the pear-shaped globes of lush love-lines up, as he paused to suck in his breath and admire them, now that he had her successfully pinned down—had Ruth just where he wanted her:

"'Baby, baby, BABY!' he moaned with biting relish. 'Man, oh, man; you sure are somethin'. Just like two great big honey-suckle pears. Yeah, so juicy and ripe—just askin' to be eaten up. California style, too—a nice golden-yellow with candied cherries on top. Man, oh man; they sure are somethin' though.'..."

Yes, that's a typical passage from a book anybody can buy in the Times Square bookshops. But what goes on in these pages is no





It's not safe to travel except in pairs
—and sometimes not even then.

worse than what goes on in the streets of Smutville, U.S.A.

The most obvious of the distasteful sights to be seen in Times Square is the huge horde of homosexuals who parade the area in search of "fellow" queers. Besides the movie theatres, one of their favorite meeting places is the arcade entrance to the subway on the corner of Broadway and 42nd Street. As crowded as the streets might be, like dogs, they can smell each other out. Most of them wear skin tight trousers and, when the weather permits, sweaters tied around their swinging hips. Many of them, both white and Negro, wear make-up and openly call each other by women's names.

The homosexual who's on the make for new blood will hang out in the men's room of the Times Square subway station or in the rest room of one of the nine movie houses that crowd 42nd Street. The more daring of the queers won't hesitate to make a pass at another man seated in the balconies of these theatres—especially when they're fairly empty early in the morning or late at night. If you should be seated in one of these movie houses and feel a strange hand on you, the last thing to worry about is that it's a pickpocket. When a Times Square pickpocket goes to work on you, you never know it until it's too late. Innocent patrons of these movie houses have been known to leave with the whole rear or side of their trousers cut away and never being able to recall how or when it had been done.

Besides homosexuals, there are other types of sexual perverts who call Times Square their home away from home. For the most part these patronize the Sex-Movie houses, such as the Rialto and the New York, which feature nudist movies, burlesque movies and equally cheap films with plots that are just this side of stag movies.

Less obvious than the queers, but still operating out in the open are the dope peddlers who feel that they are safer passing on their "fixes" in the middle of the continually passing mobs than in

some traceable secret hide-away. It's a fact that most of the frequenters of the Times Square area have only eyes for what they are seeking or, if they should see something wrong going on, will pretend not to notice it for their own safety. Most of the underworld characters who do business in Smutville are armed with guns or at least deadly knives which are sold openly in the area. Some of the windows in Times Square look like an ad for an arsenal.

The dance halls in the Times Square area also add nothing to the falling reputation of Broadway. However these places are not hangouts for prostitutes as many glib patrons suspect. In exchange for a ticket purchased for anywhere from a dime to a quarter you can dance with any of the girls who aren't busy at the moment. Since the girls work on a percentage deal they'll promise to meet you later, but, for the most part, they never keep these after closing dates. If any of these girls, who rarely look as attractive as their pictures displayed outside the dance hall, really wanted to work as prostitutes they could make more money in less time than they do as taxi dancers. This is not to say that these girls are innocent virgins. But when it comes to sex, it's with whom and when they want it.

The professional prostitutes in Times Square usually work out of the Eighth Avenue bars. A great many of these are very young girls who concentrate on soldiers and sailors and are willing to settle for a date, a few drinks and a few dollars. The more experienced prostitute, though, won't spend that much time on any one customer unless she's sure he has a large bankroll on which she can get her hands one way or another. She won't hesitate trying to get her "date" drunk so she can roll him without even delivering what he originally agreed to pay for.

The older and more broken down prostitutes operate in the movie houses along 42nd Street. They'll single out a lone customer, sit down next to him and start a conversation with the old "Do you

have a match?" bit. If this doesn't work, they'll lift their skirts to their hips to adjust a stocking etc. When they hook a customer, they usually try to finish their business right in the theatre. Most of these movie houses have box seats which have been roped off for the very reason that the prostitutes want to use them. But these old pros make a point of getting to know the ushers and paying them off in their own way so that they'll look the other way when one of the regulars leads a pick-up into the box. The ushers sometimes will even stand guard to make sure the couple isn't disturbed.

These movie house prostitutes usually ask ten dollars but will even take as little as a dollar. Many of them are dope fiends and desperately need the money to get themselves a shot of heroin which is often delivered to them right in the theatre and the box seat is used for the needle job, too.

By now most of you readers must be asking where are the police while all this is going on. Well, the police are right there. In fact, the Times Square area is more carefully policed than any other area in New York City. But the police are helpless to do anything unless they catch someone in the act of breaking the law and this is no easy matter when the second-rate citizens of Smutville have so many places in which to operate undercover. What's worse the police will continue to be helpless until the owners and operators of the Smutville hangouts are willing to cooperate. But as long as there's a quick dollar to be made, that time will never come.

The End



IF YOU THINK THE GAMING TABLES AT LAS VEGAS ARE TOUGH
TO BEAT, JUST TRY YOUR LUCK AT CARNIVAL GYP GAMES.



THE SHOW operated on a strip of rented pasture just outside the city. In the hub of the area was the smell of ozone, a carousel, a ferris-wheel, and a machine that spun greyish-looking taffy candy. Flanking this not-too-impressive array was the familiar bulge of concession-stands where gruff-voiced barkers made their pitch against a backdrop of naked light bulbs and cheap junk-jewelry.

At the far edge of the lot a ball-and-alley type game was in operation. It was an ordinary layout—just a wooden alley about six feet long with indentations at the far end, half of which were painted red and half green.

The barker pushed what looked like a pair of croquet balls toward me. "Try your luck, mister," he rasped. "A dollar against your quarter you can't roll it into the red!"

I examined the board. Fully half the holes were red. Furthermore, the ball had to go into one of the openings. Which meant that the pitchman was laying four-to-one odds on what should have been an even-money bet.

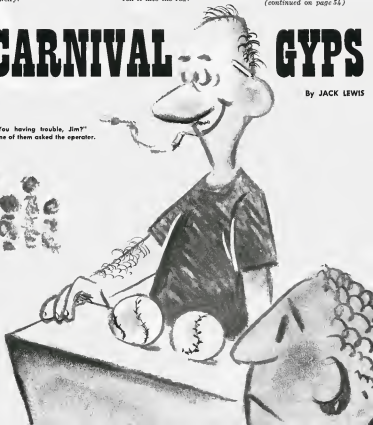
I dropped a quarter on the counter, took one of the balls and dribbled it down the alley where it rolled around a bit and finally dropped into one of the holes . . . a red one.

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CARNIVAL GYPS

By JACK LEWIS

"You having trouble, Jim?"
One of them asked the operator.





They caressed and massaged his body.

GIRLS OF THE MARQUESAS

By HENRI HASARD

THERE IS NO WORD FOR VIRGIN IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE MARQUESAS. IN FACT, THERE ARE NO VIRGINS . . .

WHEN the blind poet, John Milton, wrote "Paradise Lost" he was thinking of the heavens above. But he could just as easily have been referring to the heavens below—the Marquesas. This group of islands is, literally, a paradise on earth and was even more so before the so-called civilized white man discovered them and tried to improve on perfection by introducing their man-made morals, disease, drugs and alcohol.

Located 740 miles northeast of Tahiti, in the south Pacific Ocean, the Marquesas are a group of eleven volcanic islands which now belong to France. Like the golden, copper-toned inhabitants, the islands are all beautiful and fertile.

Until the arrival of the white explorers, who tried to believe sincerely that they were do-gooders to appease their greedy consciences, the islanders never knew a day of sickness, sadness or hunger. The climate of the Marquesas is perfect, the land thickly covered with plant life and the people live on a healthy diet of bread-fruit, bananas, taro, sweet potatoes and coys, the dried meat of coconuts.

But in one respect the Marquesas have never changed. It is still a paradise—especially for men. Where else in the world are women brought up for just one purpose—to satisfy all the desires for the male. And, happily, nothing anyone has done has been able to change this.

The original inhabitants of the Marquesas were the Polynesians and their idea of a woman's purpose in life has been faithfully passed down from generation to generation. When a Marquesas

gentleman feels the need of conversation, he doesn't look for a woman, nor does he look for a woman when he needs a help-mate in work. To the islanders a woman is a plaything, a love object.

This doesn't mean that a woman's lot in the Marquesas is a bad one. No indeed. In fact, it's ideal. She's like a delicate pet who is catered to and not expected to do any work. Outside of bearing her husband's children she does no labor of any kind.

Actually Marquesas women are bred for love from birth. And from the minute a girl is old enough, she is encouraged to express and satisfy her natural sexual curiosity and desires—with as many men as possible, as long as they are not close relatives.

One of the first religious orders to land on the islands and try, unsuccessfully, to introduce the man-made morals of the cultivated white man, actually had to coin a word for virgin, since there wasn't one in the Marquesas language. There still isn't any need for one.

It's during this period of adolescent love-making that the girls establish their reputations as bed-companions which determines whether or not they make a good marriage. Any man who marries a girl everyone knows to be an unsatisfactory lover invites disaster as he'll be unable to get any second husbands.

Second husbands is another age-old Marquesas custom that has survived all other changes. Since it is a man's world on any of the eleven islands of the Marquesas, only a first-born daughter

is sure of survival. Subsequent born girls are often left to die and consequently the men far outnumber the women. This, no doubt, is one of the reasons the women are treated like toys to be used only for pleasure. It is also the reason for *second husbands*.

All married men are expected to select *second husbands*. These are usually younger brothers who in return for services to the married one received a share of the wife's favors—consequently the name *second husbands*. And since a man's economic and social status on the islands depends on how many *second husbands* he has, you can see the importance of marrying a girl who has a reputation as a great lover.

Fortunately most of the women in the Marquesas qualify for the title. Since they start at such an early age, whatever lack of interest or bad habits one might have can be corrected before it's too late. If one of the girls doesn't have a flock of boys continually after her to share the moonlight and grass with her, one of the more experienced women will

take the girl in hand. She'll teach the youngster all the tricks she knows that drive men crazy and, if necessary, she'll even have the young girl watch her in action so there'll be no mistake about the right way to perform them. It isn't long before the girl is back on her back with the panting young males hot on her trail.

One of the reasons that the islands have been able to maintain their way of life is that they are so far away from other populated centers that they have been spared any large influx of outsiders who might have outnumbered them and subsequently introduced different customs. At one point in their history, there were over 100,000 Polynesians in the Marquesas, but with the introduction of the white man's diseases, they have dwindled to the current count of just a few hundred islanders.

But don't get the idea that the islanders are unfriendly to outsiders. Nothing could be further from the truth. From the day the Spanish explorer, Alvaro Mendana, discovered the islands in

1595 every visitor was treated with the greatest hospitality imaginable right down to the sharing of their young girls' bountiful treasures.

One visitor, the famous French artist, Paul Gauguin, was so overwhelmed with all the Marquesas had to offer that he forgot about his wife and children back in Paris and never went home again. He's buried on Hiva Oa, the second largest of the eleven islands.

Although there is no definite proof, many believe that it was Gauguin who introduced syphilis to the islands. In those pre-penicillin days, the disease was deadly, and with everyone on the islands sleeping with practically everyone else it spread like a plague and did its share to reduce the population. It took ages before the Marquesas rid the islands of the scourge.

Because of his great paintings of the island and its inhabitants, some people mistakenly credit Gauguin for bringing art and culture to the Marquesas. History,

(continued on page 58)

Marquesas girls have but one aim in life and that is to satisfy a man.





Meg
Myles

COMON IN, the water's fine. Could it be that buxom, bosomy, beautiful Meg Myles really gets her bathing suit wet? If she did she'd not only risk losing her membership card to the Cheeseecake Union, but—if that bathing suit isn't Sonforized—her modesty as well.

Meg, always a favorite with our readers, has tried her hand at movies and television, and she's quite an actress, too.

Aside from swimming, Meg is quite proficient at other sports. She likes tennis, badminton and best of all—and most surprising to readers—chess. How would you like to be “mated” by Meg?

“After a hard day at the studio,” says Meg, “I like to relax with a good book.” Right now she's reading the national best-seller “Howell” by James Michener. Don't think, though, that Meg reads only popular fiction. Her tastes vary, from history and biography to poetry.

A busy girl is Meg, for she also dabbles in art. No “point-by-numbers” for her. She can execute a fairly creditable oil painting, “as long as I don't have to draw people.” She numbers a few landscapes and still lifes among her finer efforts.

I guess we're all agreed by this time that Meg Myles is quite a versatile young lady. •



Meg Myles



Virginia
DeLee

Virginia DeLee



VIRGINIA DELEE was very happy with her job as an usherette at Television City in Hollywood until a certain young photographer dropped in to catch a variety show. He spotted Virginia as she led him to his seat and gave her his card.

The next day, prodded by her roommate, Virginia called him, and suddenly Television City lost its prettiest usherette.

Virginia photographed as well as the photographer knew she would, and soon she was catapulted to fame in numerous publications around the country.

Only 21 years of age, Virginia is already among the most popular models in the nation.

Although she has spent some four years in the television industry, she would rather go to some good movie than sit in front of her TV set.

Ginny, as she likes to be called by friends, has been corresponding with a young marine stationed in North Carolina, but she insists that she isn't ready for the altar as yet. She would like to continue her modeling career and eventually go back to television, but this time before the cameras.

At present she's studying dramatics with an eye towards TV and the movies. We don't know anything about her acting abilities, but we do know that physically she's well qualified to be a success. •



June
Wilkinson

June Wilkinson

EVER since she was a freckled-faced lass in pigtails June Wilkinson wanted to be a doctor, but economic difficulties made June change her plans. And with her looks and her physical attributes what could be a mere natural field for her than the one she is in now, and one in which she has been immensely successful.

June is a tall (5' 10") statuesque blonde, who has that certain quality which men want in their girl friends and wives. She's glamorous yet homey, and can she cook. In fact, cooking is her favorite hobby. June specializes in a French menu, sauces, wines and all the trimmings.



She hails from California and was a baseball fan long before the Giants and Dodgers deserted New York's millions for west coast gold. Now, she's a rabid Dodger rooter, and attended every game of the 1959 World Series played in Los Angeles. Maybe that's why they drew over 90,000 people for each of the three games.

We are proud to have June with us in this our maiden issue. Perhaps in a later issue we can prevail upon her to supply us with enough pix to make up an impressive spread, one that will do justice to a girl as glamorous as she. *

Sheila Rudy

WHEN SHEILA RUDY was five years old her family left New York and settled in California. Now 22, Sheila is as beautiful as the California landscape. She is eternal spring. She is every man's dream.

Sheila spends all of her free time, what little of it there is left after hours under the photographer's hot lights, writing plays. She realizes she's a long way from being an accomplished playwright, but doggedly sticks to it.

She has prepared herself well, reading and re-reading Shakespeare, Ibsen, O'Neill, Miller, Inge and Tennessee Williams. She thinks Williams is a superb craftsman, but she doesn't

always agree with the themes of his plays.

Whenever she can get away Sheila loves to go sailing. She's quite an expert at it, too. Here's one gal who can tell you the difference between the stern and the bow, and never, never in her presence refer to the floor as anything but the deck. She's "yar" all the way.

Sheila loves to model. She considers it more than just a way to earn a living. With her it's a way of life.

She approaches everything in this manner, and we hope that she'll soon be back in New York, but this time as the author of a successful Broadway play. *





Sheila
Rudy



I Was A Stag Movie Starlet

THE LURE OF THE BRIGHT LIGHTS, FAME AND
FORTUNE MAKE THE EVER-FLOWING PARADE
OF BEAUTIES TO HOLLYWOOD EASY PREY FOR
THE PORNOGRAPHERS AND FLESH-PEDDLERS.

I AM DESPERATE or I wouldn't be willing to tell my story and reveal my shame. But I need the money to get out of this city, which has brought me only misery, so I can try and start a new life—if it isn't too late.

I know, from so many of the other girls that I have met, that what happened to me is no different from what happens to so many of the naive beauties who chase that illusive pot of Hollywood gold. But this doesn't make my disgrace, shame and tragedy any easier to bear.

During my senior year in high school I won a beauty contest sponsored by the merchants of Allentown, Pennsylvania, where I lived. The local newspaper publicity and all the flattering attention I received because of this obviously went to my head. I was sure all I had to do was go out to the land of make-believe and all the film companies would fight for the privilege of getting my name on an exclusive contract.

My family and number-one boy friend objected to my going but I had made my mind up. If I couldn't go with their blessings I would run away if worse came to worse. Well worse did come to worse. After an argument with my father and mother at breakfast one morning, I clenched out a couple of school bank accounts I had and headed for L. A. on a bus, which was the cheapest way to go.

It's only a little over a year since I left home, but I've certainly lived a lifetime in those twelve months. Looking back now, I can't imagine on what I expected to live when I reached L. A. since, after buying the bus ticket, I had practically no money left. I must have figured I'd get a job in the movies in a week at the most. In my mind it was as simple as that.

When I arrived in Hollywood, I really thought Lady Luck was smiling at me. No sooner did I get off the bus than a young man introduced himself to me. His name was Vincent Allasio and he told me he was a talent scout for the Alec Widener Talent Agency. His job, he told me, was to hang around the bus terminal and be on the look-out for new talent.

My ego was so flattered that I never gave it even a second's that one look at my face and he could see the word "yokel" written all over it.

Now, I don't want to paint any picture of myself as all bright eyes and innocence. I had heard all about wolves and had even been out with some of Allentown's choicest specimens, so I was on my guard with Vincent.

But Vince, as he liked to be called, was shrewd. He made no false moves that first night. He helped me find a room in an inexpensive hotel and introduced me to several other aspiring actresses, at least I thought they

were actresses—who lived there. He even told me they would help coach me when the time came for me to take my first screen test.

The next morning when I showed up at Alec Widener's office I was too excited to notice that it was nothing but a hole in the wall. But, at the moment, it looked like the entrance to Utopia. Vince introduced me to Mr. Widener who said his friends called him Buddy. I was to learn later that he was known by several other names, too, none of which suited him as well as son-of-a-b...

Buddy told me that, before deciding to open his own agency, he had been with the biggest talent agency in the world, the Music Corporation of America. One call to MCA would have proved he was a phony and a liar but when opportunity seems to be knocking as fast as the best of your heart who thinks of such things as checking up.

Taking a legal form out of his desk, Buddy started asking me questions. No, I didn't have any experience—outside of playing Juliet in a scene from "Romeo and Juliet" for our senior night in high school. Buddy told me not to worry about that. He'd fake some experience for me. Besides, with his contacts and my looks he was sure I was on my way to stardom.

Then he asked me for pictures of myself so he could start sending them out to producers and



Getting off the bus full of hopes to crash the film studios.



A cheap hotel is being touted as a "nice place to make friends". Since she doesn't know anyone in the city, she gladly accepts his advice.

casting agents. When I told him I didn't have any yet, he gave me a list of photographers, any one of which, he said, would make up an acceptable set for around fifty dollars. I left the office with the list and a broken heart. If I spent fifty dollars on pictures I couldn't last another week in L. A. It would clean me out.

Then Vince came to the rescue. Not knowing he and Buddy were really partners, I believed him when he told me he had overheard the picture bit but didn't want to butt in because Buddy might not have liked it. But he had a friend breaking into the snapshot racket who couldn't afford models and might trade the pictures if I'd do some posing for him.

Of course the posing had to be in the nude. I objected, but Vince kept hammering away with that old broom, "A photographer's an artist and to an artist shooting a nude is no different than shooting a couple of grapefruits."

I wanted desperately to say "No," but I needed those pictures for Alec Widener. Besides, I reasoned with myself, what could it mean to Vince whether I took those pictures or not. He wasn't even going to be at the photography studio when they were shot. And, to clinch the debate with myself, those nude shots of Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield and Sophia Loren never did their careers anything but good.

The photographer's name was Joe Conrad. He was a tall, ugly looking beatnik whose studio was as filthy as he was. I had to bite my lip to keep from shouting out everytime he put his slimy hands on me since he insisted on showing me how to pose instead of telling me. I wanted to tell him off but I was afraid to say or do anything that would interfere with getting the other pictures I needed. Besides, I thought, a little feel never hurt any girl—as long as it didn't go any further. And it didn't. But what I didn't realize was that there was no hurry. Vince, Buddy and Conrad, who was really

a third partner, were setting me up like the proverbial clay pigeon in a shooting gallery.

That night Buddy called me at the hotel. The pictures weren't to be ready for three days, but he told me that if there was any chance of getting one proof sheet by the next afternoon, he might have a small part for me. It was late but I knew Conrad lived in his studio so I called him. He got nasty refusing to be rushed but finally calmed down and told me to come over while he figured out what he could do about it. Since he was so upset I didn't dare ask him why he needed me there. Instead I went. I never realized that this was all part to their plan.

When I reached the studio, Conrad was dressed in a bathrobe. I knew there was nothing under it since the loosely tied belt didn't keep it from opening and he made no attempt to close it. Common sense told me to get the hell out of there right then and there but I had to get those pictures.

Then he let me have it straight. He was expecting a chippie who was going to share his bed. If I was willing to play substitute, he'd call and tell her to stay home. He said he'd give me my pictures, free of charge, if I agreed to this arrangement. I know this sounds awfully naive, but at that moment my career was so important to me that I agreed to sleep with Conrad.

When I showed up at the office with my pictures the next day, Buddy rushed out with them as if he actually were in a hurry to show them to someone. I was elated until he called me that evening to say that I had just missed getting the part. Several more near misses kept happening to me during the next few weeks.

Of course both Buddy and Vince knew that I was running out of money. Then, just at the point when I was going to have to call it quits and write home for return fare, Buddy came up with a part. A friend of his was going to make a low budget

(continued on page 59)



The would-be starlet is startled when she gets the details of the plot from her co-stars in the stag movie.

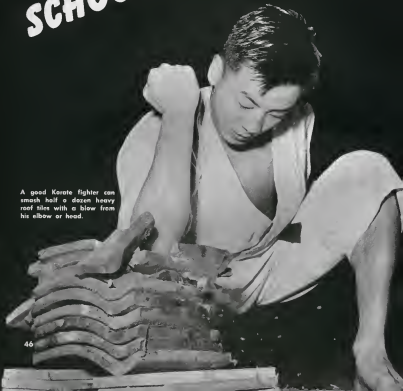


When she meets a decent young man, she realizes what she's done. But now it's too late. He'll never marry her.

SCHOOL FOR KILLERS

By LEVI CARL

A good Karate fighter can smash half a dozen heavy roof tiles with a blow from his elbow or head.



JAPAN'S KARATE CRAZE MAKES MURDER A SPORT

KESO UNIVERSITY in Japan has a school for killers. It's not that Japan is prepping its youth for more wars or battles, nor is Keio a military college. But the university's physical training department has, due to popular demand, opened a class in Karate, the deadliest combat "sport" ever devised by men.

We use "sport" in a very limited and special sense. For Karate bears as little resemblance to judo, boxing or cricket as skeet shooting does to the activities of Murder, Inc. Karate is the art of killing without weapons—the art, actually, of turning the whole human body into a murderous weapon. The study of Karate as a "sport" is now a popular new fad in Japan, but the sticky problem facing fadists, and authorities as well, is that it is almost impossible to perfect the practice of Karate without killing.

In Karate exhibition bouts are hard to stage, and there is no such thing as carrying a match to a decision. Furthermore, among the most zealous enthusiasts of Karate a regular cult has now sprung up with the guiding philosophy that the only true match to test competitors is a "kill or be killed" match. The authorities have outlawed any such competitions of course, but a secret society is now formed which selects a Karate champion through "all out" competition. The members are dedicated to the proposition that the only honorable way of competing is to "win or be prepared to die," and convinced that unwillingness to kill in competition is "cowardice."

There have been a couple of "accidental deaths" in Karate matches which police are certain were the results of these deliberate "win or die" competitions, but they have not been able to prove it. A number of other near-fatal injuries have occurred, also as a result of the all-out matches.

The one concession the young Karate devotees make toward humanity is that they do not finish off an opponent if he is unconscious or crippled to helplessness. This does not do much to solve the problem of curbing this society of death, though, for most Karate techniques are designed to kill instantly, and it is only when a key blow misses partially that a critical rather than an instantly fatal injury results.

The deadly nature of Karate makes sense when one understands how it developed. It was originated as an outgrowth of "Kempo," the Oriental version of "fist art," or boxing. It was then developed in Okinawa to its deadly peak, not as a sport or recreation, but as a life-and-death necessity, aimed at enabling Okinawans to fight back against an oppressive invader that had conquered them.

Before Okinawa was subjugated by Japan in the World War II era, it was conquered and held for a number of years by the Chinese.

Knuckles are toughened, muscles strengthened by blows against two and three thickness of wooden boards. The result is often bloody hands, but it pays off in incredible toughness.





After proper training, even a girl can smash the practice beard with her bare toes.

The Chinese conquest was a difficult and bloody one, since the Okinawans fought stubbornly and resisted even after they had been occupied by the conqueror. As a result of their stubborn, die-hard resistance, Okinawans were forbidden to have anything which might be used as a weapon.

The Chinese occupying forces confiscated even pen knives, and made it unlawful for natives to own them. A determination grew in the Okinawans to develop some way of defending themselves and carrying on personal combat with the invaders without weapons. Karate, a system evolved through

cruelly difficult and painful disciplines of the body, was the answer.

Its whole purpose was to develop the human body, fists, elbows, knuckles, legs, toes, head, heels, the whole body, into a deadly weapon which could compete successfully with opponents' knives, clubs, and even pistols. The system was a success. Karate killers, as a result of their torturous training, were able to meet and kill armed opponents in a matter of seconds sometimes.

Even after the immediate need for Karate passed, its fame remained legendary, but few persons

ever really mastered the deadly art because the training and preparation was so difficult. Like judo, Karate uses the body as a kind of steel coil, which will yield without breaking, then spring back powerfully. And like judo Karate makes use of scientific leverages and knowledge of the body's movement and structure, and the opponent's strength is often turned back against him.

Judo, however, like boxing, rarely kills anybody. It is used to throw an adversary, to pin him, or to disarm him and hold him helpless. Karate is just the

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"Charles—you remembered!"

ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN

(continued from page 10)

same time I was aware of a terrible fascination—was I really going to see the monstrous snowman at last, face the dread Yeh Teh, which I had heard about and talked about myself for so long?

Out of the village, Bhuta reached the open slope and began to climb. He went out of sight momentarily, but we continued to move toward the spot where he had been. We still had his tracks before us and we were watching them as we hurried along. The wind was stronger and little flurries of snow were beginning to whip into our faces, but we could still see his tracks. There was not enough to cover them. We climbed up around a cut in the rocks where we had last seen Bhuta, and I heard a shout from my left.

One of the men was standing pointing at the ground, a look of horror on his face. We looked down. It was not Bhuta's tracks he pointed at. It was the spot where the monster of the rocks had struck. We saw a couple of footprints that were clearly Rana's, and beside them, coming down from above were those of the Yeh Teh. It was clear what had happened, fearfully clear.

Rana's tracks came from below. The Yeh Teh's came down from above. Then Rana's simply stopped. And the monster's headed back up among the rocks. They were the same huge prints I had seen before. And there was almost twice the distance between them that there was between any of ours. He must be huge, I thought again. The other men, too, were gazing at the tracks in a kind of shocked fascination. I gripped the .30-30 rifle I was carrying a little harder. After all three of us had guns, powerful, modern rifles. We might be able to help still. There was no blood. Only the monster's tracks, followed by Bhuta's. Maybe Rana was still alive.

Without saying a word we look-

ed at one another and plunged ahead. The going got harder. The trail we were following now went straight up the mountain side. A little further on we came onto a ledge that jutted out from the face and we looked up. I caught sight of Bhuta, and shouted, pointing. The others looked up. He was very far ahead of us, far above us. He was practically running up the mountain. The wind was rising and more snow was coming down.

"Come," I shouted, "we must catch up before a blizzard starts. We must not lose Bhuta."

"He is climbing like a flea," one of the men said.

We started after him, climbing faster than before, as fast as we could. I tried to keep him in sight, but it was impossible. He would appear and disappear as he went among the rocks, or as I went behind a boulder. Ahead of the others, I shielded my eyes and looked up again. Suddenly Bhuta reappeared, or seemed to, much higher up, edging out onto a sheer, open stretch.

"It can't be him... that high," I thought—and then I realized, as I got a better look. There was a figure up there, but it was not Bhuta's. It was too big for him, too big for any man. And there was a huge bundle on the shoulders. I was looking at the Yeh Teh—the creature called in English the Abominable Snowman. There it was! And the bundle across its shoulders must be Rana.

I screamed something then. I don't know what. I only knew I was shouting and rushing up the slope, waving the others on behind me. They saw then, and there were gasps of astonishment and fear for the girl, but everybody climbed faster, even while they chattered about the incredible size of the Yeh Teh. And as we climbed, all eyes strained upward toward the figures there.

The monster was moving fast, but did not seem to be hurrying, and did not seem to be aware of any pursuers. He cut across the face of the slope for a while and I wondered about Bhuta. He must have gained too, I thought.

And just at that moment I saw him.

He had attained the open stretch behind the monster and was climbing with the frantic speed of a madman. He was much closer than I had expected he could be, and with the Yeh Teh's delay Bhuta might soon be up to the level with him. Most of the distance between them now was lateral. Bhuta had not cut across the slope when the monster did; he had continued going up.

Now the monster was approaching a jumble of rocks and cuts in the surface. If he went into them, he might slow down. If he cut back to more open ground, he would turn back closer to Bhuta. And if he did, what could Bhuta do?

"Hurry, hurry," I screamed at the others. "We must hurry. Bhuta may catch up with him soon, and he will need help. He can't stop the Yeh Teh by himself. We have to catch up."

We redoubled our efforts, but we were still a good distance below them. The Yeh Teh had entered the cut in the face, and paused. He seemed to be picking around among the rocks, idly hunting for something, still unaware of us, or Bhuta. Bhuta was as high on the slope now as his quarry, and he was moving across, toward the rocks, going a little above them.

The Yeh Teh disappeared among the rocks, and then, incredibly, reappeared without his burden. He had put Rana down. My heart sank. She must be dead, I thought. Bhuta stopped, too, crouching forward and looking. I knew that he was thinking the same thing I was. He was only about 30 yards from the rocks now, and the Yeh Teh was bound to see him soon.

We were about 150 yards below. I could see the big, reddish figure of the Yeh Teh clearly, but the face was turned away from me. He was a big, lumbering thing, but he moved among the rocks with ease. He turned half towards us, and I had a glimpse of a light skinned face, without the hair that grew everywhere else on the seemingly naked figure.

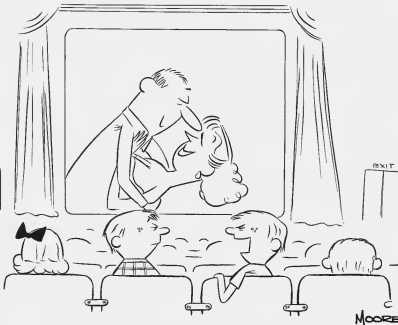
Bhuta had gone higher, and reached the edge of the cut, keeping some rocks between him and the monster. Now he was no more than 20 yards from the Yeh Teh. I wanted to call to him, but I knew that was foolish. He looked down and saw us, and motioned toward the lumbering, hairy figure. Then he ducked down behind some rocks, and I realized he was moving to the Yeh Teh. It was useless for him alone, I knew. He had no gun. I wanted to yell at him, but I only urged my companions on fiercely.

We were less than a hundred yards away when it happened. The giant, red, shaggy shoulders were only partially visible among

the rocks, and we could not see Bhuta at all. But a small figure appeared near the Yeh Teh, crawling among the rocks.

My heart pounded. We all stopped and gazed in amazement. It was Rana, crawling away from the monster. She was alive, and apparently not badly hurt, if hurt at all. She darted up and ducked behind a rock, away from the red shoulders. She still did not know anybody was near, it was clear, for she was not trying to move towards us. We were scrambling, struggling up as hard as we could in the flying snow and the biting wind. The snow was still coming only in flurries and was not heavy. We could still see.

Rana started to run. She cut out on the open slope. The monster saw her, and turned in pursuit. In her frantic flight she stumbled and fell in the snow, and the great figure, moving with surprising speed was almost upon her when Bhuta stood up behind him, and charged the huge thing. We heard a faint cry in the wind as Bhuta yelled to attract the Yeh Teh's attention. Rana saw her brother then for the first time, and screamed. The monster paused for a moment between them, then reached for Rana, and got a hand on her. She squirmed away, however, and left him holding a piece of her yak hide skirt. And at that moment, brave Bhuta



"Boy! I wish we could switch to another channel!"

icaped full on the back of the monster with his small knife in his hand. That was the only weapon our comrade carried.

We were within 50 yards of them by then, but lower down on the slope. I saw Rana run not away but toward the monster. She wanted to help her brother. I paused and fired my gun in the air, risking a snow fall to distract

the Yeh Teh's attention, but nothing happened. The furious fighting Bhuta was clinging to the back of the Yeh Teh, trying, it seemed, to climb up on the huge form, and for a moment they were one mass of struggling limbs.

Then the Yeh Teh reached back with one huge arm, and before our horrified eyes plucked Bhuta from his back by the neck. The

monster pulled Bhuta over his head, holding him out in one hand in the air. Rana's scream could be heard over the wind. The Yeh Teh then peered down over the rocks directly at us and flung our friend through the air down the slope toward us, flung him as we might fling a leather coat.

Bhuta's body struck in front of us and tumbled down the slope almost to our feet. The monster stared down at me from no more than 25 yards above. He looked as big as the side of the mountain. His face was horrible, but it was not an animal's face. It was that of some monstrous kind of man I'd never seen before. The nose was slightly flat, and the forehead sloped way back. The eyes were small, and deep set in the huge hairy head, and the mouth was wide and ape-like with long, crooked teeth. He shook his head angrily at us.

I got the broad breast full in the sights of my rifle. I fired once and then again, quickly. I could not have missed, but there was no sign of the bullet striking the monstrous face or form. The guns of my friends also exploded. We must have hit him but he did not show it in any way. Then he turned and grabbed up the screaming Rana who tried to run down the mountain toward Bhuta's inert form.

The monster flung her over his shoulder as though she were no heavier than a rabbit, and turned and swung up the mountain away from us. Through the wind Rana's horrified scream pierced my ears and my heart. None of us shall ever forget it I know. Her face was contorted with terror as she looked down at us for one terrible moment. It was the face of a young girl who had lived through a nightmare. Then it was lost behind the rocks as the Yeh Teh ran up the slope.

We rushed after him, but he pulled away from us easily. Bhuta was dead when we got to his body. I hardly paused over my friend, because I wanted to try to reach his sister, but the Yeh Teh moved with incredible speed among and behind the rocks. I had one more glimpse of Rana's face frozen into a mask of pure



"OK, Killer, we know you're in there! Come out with your hands up by the count of ten, or we'll break in the door!"

terror, but she did not cry out anymore.

We kept the monster and the girl in sight for some time, but when we reached the top of the pass at Zemu Gap, we never saw him again. We followed the tracks up into the gap, but there the snow was coming down thicker and the path was swallowed up.

We carried Bhuta back to the village, and gave him honorable rites, for he had died bravely, but nobody will ever know what happened to his lovely young sister. She has not been seen or heard of since. She was not dead when I last saw her, but perhaps it would have been better for her if she had been.

I'll never forget her face, nor the terrible face of the Yeh Teh, the thing of the rocks. I saw him too clearly. But I still don't know what devilish kind of creature he actually is. I do know though, that he exists. I had awful proof of that.

The End

ISLAND OF SIN

(continued from page 17)

to end up under the table.

Along with the drinks, you can usually also buy the B-girl. Most of them are prostitutes, too. However there is a great deal of difference between them and the Putas. As a group, the B-girls are prettier and, if not smarter, at least shrewder, than the outright flesh-peddlers. To them, enjoying themselves is not important. All they are interested in is making as much money as they can in as little time as is possible. Although very few Putas ever graduate into the B-girl classification, many of the older B-girls do become Putas in later years.

B-girls, no matter what side deals they might make, do work in the interest of their employers so bars that hire them obviously don't encourage Puta patronage. But one night a touring Brazilian Naval officer who had picked up a harlot on the street insisted on stopping for a drink before going

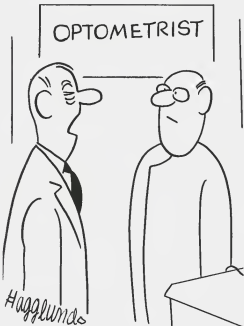
up to her room. They dropped into the Jockeys Bar where the Puta and the B-girls immediately exchanged dirty looks. Nothing would have happened, though, if the handsome Navy officer hadn't had a roving eye. One of the B-girls caught his fancy and he invited her to join him and his companion at their table.

The Puta objected and began telling off the B-girl in no uncertain terms. In the heat of the argument the B-girl, when no one was watching, slipped a knock-out pill that would have made a Mickey Finn seem like a cherry soda in comparison, into the Puta's drink. But instead of doping the prostitute it had the re-

verse reaction on her. Wildly the Puta jumped onto the table and, as she lifted her skirt high above her hips, she offered to take on all the males in the bar—and for nothing. A fire couldn't have emptied the bar any faster than it was cleaned out of customers that night. Needless to say, that B-girl doesn't work there anymore.

No one ever knows what is going to happen next in the way of sex in San Juan, which is what makes the Island of Sin such a fascinating attraction to tourists—even to those who come just to watch rather than to participate.

The End



"Joyne Mansfield fails to excite me!"

CARNIVAL GYPS

(continued from page 31)

"And here's another winner!" the operator shouted to the collecting crowd. Simultaneously, he pushed another ball in my direction. "This time I'll lay four dollars against your one and you shoot for the green."

"Just a minute," I interrupted. "You haven't paid me yet. You still owe me a dollar."

The man's face took on the bewildered expression I might have expected had I asked to sleep with his wife. "But the game isn't over yet," he said. "We've just begun."

I started to protest, then thought better of it and moved back with the spectators.

For over an hour I watched the man operate. Unlike most carnival gyp-games there was

nothing subtle about this man's pitch. He seemed to make up his own rules as he went along, and the game, as he put it, apparently was not over until he won. During this time, of course, the customer was putting up cash while he put up nothing but promises.

Needless to say, the entire operation was nothing but an out-and-out fraud. Yet for sheer unadulterated gall one was grudgingly forced to admire the operator.

Most of the suckers when realizing they'd been had, moved off with little protest. But one couple who'd been relieved of eleven dollars stormed off indignantly and returned shortly with a policeman.

The officer listened quietly while the pitchman beld up his game long enough to rattle-off a well-rehearsed speech in which he explained that surely these people knew when they commenced to play that they were

participating in a game of chance and in doing so were governed by the rules of the game. "One does not," he exclaimed indignantly, "halt a baseball game in the first inning simply because one's team happens to be ahead."

When he'd finished, the policeman drew the couple off to one side where he talked earnestly to them for several minutes. After the officer had left I went over to the couple and introduced myself. I told them that like themselves I'd been taken in by the game and wondered what sort of advice the policeman had offered.

The sucker glanced over at the game which was once again operating in full swing and said: "He gave me some good advice, sir. He told me that if I'm going to gamble, never to play the other man's game."

Now fortunately the operation described above could not—because of local laws—operate in every locality. Because of this, carney pitch men are forced to either operate in these "loose-law" areas, or develop more subtle ways of picking the customer's pocket. One of these thinly-disguised swindles is the ten pin and pendulum arrangement.

While subject to some variations, the most common form of this game is to suspend a bowling ball by a length of rope or chain in such a manner that its center of gravity is directly in line with a standing bowling pin. The object of the game is to swing the suspended ball past the pin and knock it over on the backswing. The prospective customer is usually offered several practice swings during which to his complete astonishment he is able to fell the tenpin in the approved manner practically every time.

A silver dollar is then placed atop the pin and for a quarter the customer is invited to try again with the silver dollar being the prize should he succeed. Since during the practice session the tenpin was as easy to fell as paying one's withholding tax, the pitchman encounters little or no sales resistance at this point. In fact it isn't until ten or twelve tries later that the sucker begins to wonder why (now that he is playing for keeps) he is unable to perform the same feat he accomplished so easily during the



"This next scene is easy—there are no speaking lines!"

practice swings.

The gimmick, of course, should be obvious to anyone who has ever studied high school physics. It's all a matter of the way the game's operator places the top-pin. Place it just a bit off-center and it can be felled on the backswing with ridiculous ease. Set it up directly under the pendulum's center-of-gravity and the player will miss his target on the way back by exactly the same margin he missed it going forward. This law of physics is hard and fixed and irrevocable, yet the operators of this little "game of chance" reap five-figure annual incomes from people who seem to believe that the law doesn't apply to them.

Matching one's wits against the carney operators is a pastime in which the customer invariably comes out second best. Anyone who thinks he's going to reverse this trend is more often than not going to wake up the next morning with a double-handfull of empty pockets.

To illustrate further what I mean, I recall an incident that happened some years back at a small concession stand on Coney Island's boardwalk. Actually the operation wasn't the type that is usually associated with the carnival skin-game. Maybe that was the trouble. Possibly the gyp worked because it was too obvious.

The game was a familiar one. It consisted of a triple row of weighted rag dolls shaped into the general likeness of cats. The idea was to knock two or three of the rag cats down by throwing baseballs which were sold at the rate of three for a dime. Prizes of various types were lined up at one end of the booth.

My friend (a baseball player of considerable local repute) stopped to try his skill. After about four rounds it became apparent that either the game was harder than it looked or my friend was having an off day. This irritated him somewhat, a factor that the pitchman was quick to take advantage of by pushing three more balls at him each time he missed. Finally after he'd lost about a dollar my friend announced he was ready to quit.

The barker however was not to be put off so easily. "Tell you what, friend," he said pushing a

double-handfull of baseballs toward him. "Play some more. And instead of three for a dime, each baseball's a cent!"

My friend moved his shoulders, picked seven baseballs off the counter and pegged them at the rag dolls. He missed with all of them.

"That'll be \$3.50," the game-operator said flatly.

My friend's mouth dropped open. "You're crazy. You said each ball was a cent!"

"You misunderstood me, friend," the operator retorted. "I said each ball was a set." He gestured toward a sign that listed the prices and prizes. It read:

GAME RULES

Baseballs: 3 for 10 cents

3 cats knocked off shelf

Prizes on lower shelf

SETS

Five Winning Games or Single

Games at 50 cents each

Prizes on upper shelf

While we were digesting this information, a pair of characters who could have passed for bouncers at a wrestler's ball moved up to the booth. "You having trouble, Jim?" one of them asked the



"Do you believe in long engagements with time off for good behavior?"

operator.

The proprietor shook his head. "No trouble," he said. "This fellow here just lost a few dollars but he's going to pay, aren't you, friend?"

My friend looked at me and I nodded. What would have happened had we refused to be a party to this thinly-veiled extortion scheme is a matter for some interesting speculation. Possibly the men were just bluffing. However it's a matter of police record that this sort of thing got so prevalent along Coney Island's midway a few years ago that a

special commission had to be set up to establish what might best be described as a code of ethics. Since then many of these practices (particularly those involving strongarm methods) have been eliminated. But the boys who devise the schemes are still operating. You can bet on that.

A sad commentary on the whole rotten business is that many of the most successful gyp-schemes fall into that category simply because the sucker has no recourse.

I know a man who makes over a thousand dollars a month simply by standing outside carnival girly

shows where he sells those three-by-five inch cartoon books that would be instantly recognizable to every man reading this article. He makes a fetish of approaching his customers warily then copping the merchandise in the palms of his hands. He's even cultivated the habit of talking from the corner of his mouth. The going price on his wares is three books for a dollar and the demand is terrific.

It isn't until the cartoon fancier gets around to examining his purchase (usually after he gets home) that he learns that the



"I hope you don't think me a common masher, Miss. I happen to be an expert!"

merchandise he's bought is just about as terrific as a first grade primer. Oh, all the characters are there. There's Jiggs and Maggie, Blondie and Dagwood, Lil Abner and Daisy Mae, and all the rest. Only instead of participating in the activities for which this type of literature is best noted, they are behaving in approximately the same manner as they do in the bonifide comic strips.

Because of this, the seller of this material is not actually doing anything illegal. In fact by anticipating anything other than the items he has received, the buyer is, in a sense, more guilty than the seller. Because of this, my friend will probably continue to operate until they do away with sex or he is beaten to death by an irate customer.

Games involving complicated mechanical apparatus are, as a general rule, easier to rig than simple arrangements. It's pretty common knowledge for example that a slot machine (the one-arm bandit variety) can be fixed to pay off any percentage desired by the operator. On the other hand, however, even games as uncomplicated as drawing numbers from a hat or drum can be easily rigged.

A favorite trick of the latter operators, for example, is to call on the services of a small child in the audience to draw the winning number. Does this make the operation foolproof? Hardly. If you'll observe these drawings carefully, you'll notice that all that the child does is to pick the winning stub from the drum and hand it to the operator. The child (usually of pre-school age) does not read the number. That task is done by the operator. Therefore, what is there, in the event he should wish to be dishonest, to prevent the operator from simply pretending to read the stub the child handed him and substituting instead any name or number he so desired.

We don't wish to imply that this is standard procedure at every drawing. We will state however, that it's happened more often than the casual attendant at these affairs would ever dream of.

A good point to remember is that while not every carnival is run by thugs and torpedos they all have their quota of fast-shuffle artists and confidence men. Like confidence men the world over, they operate best on the type of person who might be prone to a

bit of semi-larceny himself. If you feel that you might fall into this category and decide to go for a stroll down the midway, it might be well to bear the following points in mind:

- (1) Beware of any proposition that insults your intelligence.
- (2) Just bring a few dollars along with you.
- (3) Take in the amusements and leave the games of "chance" alone—particularly if you like to gamble.

Or better still, give the whole thing a wide berth and head for the nearest crap game. There you might stand a fighting chance.

The End

GIRLS OF THE MARQUESAS

(continued from page 34)

though, shows that the islands were highly cultured and had a civilization of their own long before the first white man visited them.

After the unhappy experience with Gauvain, one would imagine that the natives would be wary of fraternizing with strangers, but it has never been so. Just two years ago, if you recall the articles in the newspapers, a Korean vet, who returned to the States with one leg, decided to fulfill a life-long ambition—to circle the globe in a do-it-yourself sailboat.

The last anyone ever heard of him—until a few weeks ago—was when he set sail, with a high fever, from Tuamotu Archipelago. Although acquaintances on the island begged him not to go until he was feeling better, the veteran insisted on leaving. He had promised to write from his next stop and when no word was heard from him, it was assumed that he had passed out in his boat and drowned.

What had actually happened, according to the recently returned vet's story, was that he ran into a tropical storm which capsized his boat somewhere off the rocky shores of the Marquesas. The last thing he remembered was struggling to grab hold of the overturned sailboat.

When he came to, it was days later and he found himself surrounded by a bevy of Nuku's beautiful young girls. One of the young men on the islands had spotted him floating in the water and had pulled him out of the turbulent waters half-drowned. The girls had been nursing him back to health ever since.

According to the vet, who hopes to write a book about his travels, and particularly his stay in the Marquesas, the treatments these girls gave him were like treatments no other patient had ever received before. Since he still had fever, several times a day the girls would undress him and take turns washing his entire burning body with the cool ocean water. With such treatment the vet said, "I was amazed my fever ever went down."

As he began to recover the Marquesas maidens added a daily massage to his convalescence program. Each would take a different part of his body, rub oil into it and then gently knead the flesh with their hands. And when he completely recovered, the girls really went to work on him so that without any hesitation he joined the rest of the unmarried men on the island in sampling all the charms of as many of the girls he could handle.

"It's a lucky thing," he told us, "that I only had one leg. If I could have caught any more of the girls than I did, I really would have been in a hole—six feet down and under. The only reason I came back now is to see about getting my book published. But as soon as I get a good rest, I'm heading back for the Marquesas."

Before the rest of you decide to join the vet on his return trip, there's one other thing you should know about the islanders. They are all tattoo happy. Women are tattooed from the waist down and on the arms but the upper torso is left unmarked. The men are completely covered with heavy and intricate designs, the decorations extending even to the scalp under the hair, and in some cases to the gums and tongue and every other imaginable place as well as unimaginable places. They might not have movies or television in

the Marquesses but there's plenty of moving pictures when the lovers get together in the moonlight.

But apart from the tattooing the Marquesses have a love of physical beauty matched only by the ancient Greeks. They were always the handsomest of the Polynesians and because of their delight in light skins, from the earliest days before feasts, the maidens went through an elaborate process of bleaching, which made their skins scarcely darker than that of south Europeans.

Next to visiting the islands, the only thing one can do is try to adapt some of the Marquesses ways of life. Can you imagine living in a community of your own selection filled with women bred only to love. Of course we could do without any of those "second husbands."

The End

STAG MOVIE STARLET

(continued from page 45)

they'd pay me \$500 to play the ingenue lead. I asked for a script so I could study my part but Buddy said they'd give it to me when I reported to the studio that afternoon.

The studio turned out to be an old warehouse that had been turned into a make-shift movie lot. Vince showed me the way to the make-up room where the make-up artist was waiting to go to work on me.

This make-up artist, Olga, turned out to be a big attractive woman in her early thirties. She herself seemed to be wearing stage make-up and an almost transparent dressing gown under which she wore only skin. Once again I should have realized this didn't add up, but I was so excited about finally getting my first movie role I was too dizzy to think of anything else.

Olga ordered me to strip so she could go to work on me. On the way to the studio Buddy had told me I was going to play a

Brigitte Bardot type of role so this didn't surprise me. While she was applying the make-up, Olga asked me if I was a "dyke." I didn't realize that she was asking me if I was a lesbian, and thinking this was some sort of theatrical term, I tried to hide my ignorance by saying sometimes. When she finished she handed me a robe similar to the one she was wearing. Before I could ask where my costume was, Buddy ordered us onto the stage. Olga was going to be in the picture, too.

The next shock I got was when I spotted the camera man. It was the photographer, Joe Conrad. I tried to avoid his salacious wink but I could feel his eyes removing the little I had on. I was so flustered that at first I couldn't pay any attention to Buddy who was outlining the plot of the picture. Suddenly his words started to seep through and I realized that the movie he was describing couldn't be shown in any public

theatre—art or otherwise. He was outlining a stag movie.

Indignantly I told Buddy off, but he reached into his pocket and brought out a bunch of snap-shots. They were all of me and Conrad in bed.

The whole bit about the pictures had been rigged so that I'd go back and try to get Conrad to rush them. If I was willing to pay Conrad's price, which I had been, they had me. Now if I refused to play in the stag movie, they threatened to send copies of the filthy snapshots to my folks. I was frantic. I needed time to think but that was the one thing they weren't giving me—time. It was that moment or the pictures would leave immediately by air mail. In my panic, I felt I had to go along.

Naked as the day I was born, the camera started to roll with Olga threatening to beat me with a whip unless I let her have her way with me. No wonder she wanted to know I was a "dyke."



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She wasn't acting when she played this part.

Olga did every repulsive thing to me that one woman can do to another woman. Several times they had to stop the camera because I either was crying or vomiting. But this didn't bother Olga who picked up wherever we left off, her eyes glittering with excitement and her mouth wide open in anticipation. This went on until the hero, who turned out to be Vince in disguise, "rescued" me from Olga.

Although the man-woman relationship is supposedly normal, what they forced me to do to Vince, and what he did to me, was anything but normal. It took all that day to finish the picture.

Now that they had one stag movie with me in one of the leading roles as well as those comparatively tame picture of me in bed with Conrad. I showed up whenever they called me. Besides they never paid me any of the fees in a lump sum so I never

had enough, at any one time, to make a break out of town.

In the meanwhile I had learned, from making the rounds of the legit agencies that Hollywood was no place for a girl unless she was loaded with talent as well as looks. And moreover, she shouldn't go to L. A. unless she has definite contacts worked out in advance.

Of course from the moment I had made my first stag movie. I never had another peaceful moment. There is always present the fear that someone dear to you might see or hear about the stag reels.

The part that drove this home with the deadliest blow was when a wonderful young lawyer whom I had met at the hotel, and who had taken me out frequently, asked me to marry him. The stardust was no longer in my eyes and I could think of nothing I would have wanted more than to say yes. But I didn't dare. What if he would ever find out? I kept trying to think

of some way to tell him the truth but suddenly I didn't have to. One of his buddies had seen one of the stag films I was in at a bachelor party and lost no time telling him. That was the last I saw of the lawyer. He packed and left town leaving me a note saying that it was bad enough he found out, but all his friends knowing it, too, was more than he could take.

Of course I've been popular with his friends ever since but who knows how long it will last. My money keeps shrinking and even the calls from Buddy and Vince are getting further and further apart. After all there is always so much new "talent" around why bother with old faces.

That's why I decided to tell my story to *Rage*. With the money I'll receive for this article, I plan to shake this town and move to another city where I can put the pieces of my shattered life together again. But of course, there's always the chance these stag movies might show up and I'll have to be on the run again.

The End

SCHOOL FOR KILLERS

(continued from page 48)

opposite. It is shaped to kill, to land blows that can crush and break, to direct kicks and elbow punches to vital organs, in short, "to finish the opponent."

Now that Karate is all the rage with students in physical culture classes, it is being revived in a big way, but as the students learn it, it is doubly difficult. Not only must they undergo the very difficult and painful conditioning of their bodies, and the hard exercises, but they must practice Karate with even more difficulty, for they are supposed to work to keep from doing serious injury to their classmates. Even when the students are trying to obey this injunction against serious injury, it takes all their strength and skill to avoid killing one another, because Karate is designed to kill.



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Altogether it is a very tough pastime to cultivate, but its popularity continues to grow, and even some girl students are taking it up.

The first part of Karate training is toughening the body to all kinds of painful and hard impacts. It can be brutal, but the results are remarkable. The knuckles, toes, head and elbows are conditioned so that they can be pounded into two or three inches of planking, or into a pile of heavy roof tiles, and break the wood or tiles without injuring the body parts.

The training for this is incredible. It is begun with straw mats tied against posts, or one-inch thickness of board, or only one or two roofing tiles. The students are drilled to keep the knuckles, or toes or arm or neck as the case may be, perfectly rigid, and to strike the target at the proper angle to get the most straight-ahead force and keep from twisting their hands or feet or necks. Then they start, forcing themselves to strike their fists, or bang their heads, or elbows or thrust-out bare toes, directly against the target—and do it hard. The result is usually bloody.

There is no alternative to this painful regimen. Although they come away with cut and swollen knuckles, toes, elbows and foreheads, the abuse is carefully gauged. They punish their bodies only the amount they can stand. Then the force is increased with practice. And instead of the straw mat or the single thickness of wood or tile, there are several thicknesses, and with unbelievable durability the body stands this and grows tougher and tougher.

At the same time they get rugged exercises in developing muscular coordination, and in striking, lifting, and applying pressure to opponents with great precision. They learn to leap into the air with feet out, and kick straight into an exposed stomach, groin or throat with great precision. A miss leaves the kicker flat on his back with a crushing fall and at the mercy of the attacker, so misses are avoided.

Anatomy and leverage are

studied, so that the Karate fighter knows precisely where the vulnerable nerve is, precisely what angle of lift makes it possible for him to throw his opponent with the least effort and maximum force, what angle of twist will break an antagonist's grip and wrist with ease.

When these skills are learned and the muscles are conditioned for them through the terrific and painful exercises, and the body toughened to an incredible degree by the agonizing practice sessions, the body of the Karate fighter has become a deadly weapon.

This is true of the smallest men, even of the slight young girls who learn Karate. Karate makes such use of human bone and muscle and works such miracles of transformation in the bodies it trains and conditions that not much strength is needed to begin with. With Karate, any body can be turned into an instrument of destruction, if its owner has the will and the guts to go through the training.

Perhaps the enthusiasm required to get through the learning process accounts for the fanatic zeal of the Karate competitors. Even in the official competition at the university, where all the holds and techniques are keyed down and limited to keep from producing fatalities, the injuries are bloody, but everybody enjoys them—both the giver and receiver.

It is a point of honor with the Karate enthusiasts that they do not act squeamishly. It is insulting to compete with somebody and hold back when you kick him in the ribs. And one can't insult one's friends and classmates. In a recent match for the season's championship, both contestants were seriously injured, but the match was cheered as an enormous success.

One antagonist succeeded in flooring the other with a heel in the stomach, but even as the injured one fell, he managed to pull the kicker down on top of him. As the top man fell on him, the underdog got an elbow into his ribs, and both were practically unconscious. The bottom man passed out, and lost the match.

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At the hospital they found he had a ruptured appendix, but managed to save his life. The winner had three broken ribs, but was acclaimed as a courageous and honorable champion. Incidentally the winner and loser, classmates at the college, were and remained bosom friends. They weren't angry.

A few months before in what was termed an unscheduled practice match by the participants, but which was actually said to be for the championship of the all-out Karate society, a 20-year-old youth died of injuries. He had continued fighting with a broken rib and the edge of the bone was driven into his lung. The puncture killed him.

Days earlier another competitor in the same secret tourney was paralyzed with a broken back, but doctors finally were able to patch him up, and restore his ability to move. And the same youth who died of the punctured rib fighting for the championship had won a celebrated victory three weeks before by killing a veteran Karate expert. A terrific butt injured the veteran fighter, but he kept going. When he finally collapsed, he was dying, bleeding to death from internal injuries from the butt.

Such events have shocked Japanese officials and there is talk of a crackdown, but it is hard. Everybody involved, considering it a matter of honor, insists the matches are of limited scope and without intent to do serious harm; the deaths are just unfortunate accidents of sport, they say. But privately the Karate devotees admit that their deadly sport cannot be practiced except as a kill-or-be-killed proposition, and declare it would not be honorable to hold back.

So until they are convinced that there should be a compromise between honor and humanity, between brutality and sportsmanship, the Japanese college boys and coeds will continue to make a hobby of the "world's deadliest game."



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(continued on page 66)



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dreds, he'll tell you—maybe even thousands, depending on the size of his practice. And the number is increasing all the time. The incidence of sexual impotence among American males in the prime of life is on the rise.

Further ask the same doctor how many times there is an actual physical basis for the patient's terrifying self-diagnosis and you'll begin to understand the enormity of the psychic monster that holds these men in its grip. For invariably the answer will be that in less than one percent of the cases does the patient suffer from some organic abnormality or disease, that ninety-nine times out of a hundred the man is as physically sound a specimen as is likely to walk into a doctor's office.

Where, then, lies the paradox? What makes so many seemingly healthy men run to their doctors for help? Can a man with all his organs in excellent condition still find himself minus his manhood? How is this possible and what are the causes of the alarming increase in cases of sexual impotence in this country?

Impotence—or loss of manhood, as most people know it—is as old as man himself. Ever since the day old Adam first learned the facts of life from the leering reptile and tasted the pleasures of forbidden paradise with an all too willing Eve, man has often found that there are obstacles to the enjoyment of sex other than those capricious females might put in his path. The cave man, still trembling with the fear and excitement of hand-to-hand combat with a forest animal, was very likely to find himself unable to respond to the charms of his mate. The medieval knight, fresh from the slaughter of a rival on the field of honor, was too keyed up to rush off to his lady's chamber, despite any cinemascope film's indications to the contrary. But it is the modern American man, constantly subjected to the barrage of anxieties and tensions inherent in our high pressure way of life, who succeeds in making a long lasting disability of what was only a temporary setback to his for-

bears.

The sexual act for the human male is a physiological function like any other function of the body. The smoothness of its operation depends on certain factors which we must understand. Oddly enough, even the most ignorant man knows a good deal about the favorable and unfavorable influences on his digestion, respiration or excretory processes. But even the enlightened man may know very little about the factors that make for sexual prowess—or lack of it.

The man with a third grade education knows that his dinner will rest in his stomach like so much lead if he tries to eat it when he is excited, worried or angry. He knows that a room with all windows locked and a fire going in the fireplace will soon make breathing difficult. He has a rough idea of the foods that will upset his bowels. But both he and his university educated brother expect top performance from their reproductive organs, regardless of their state of mind, the tenor of their emotions or the psychic abuse to which they daily subject themselves.

To consider the state of mind of the American male—and we are concerned here with those who should be in the prime of life—is to wonder not so much that the incidence of sexual impotence has increased to its present point but that it is not much higher. A dog, put through the wringer that squeezes dry the mind and spirit of the average American each day, wouldn't give sex a thought if every female within a ten-mile radius happened to be in heat at the same time. Many a dog breeder has led his prize stud to a waiting bitch only to find that the high-strung champion was too nervous to show the slightest interest. The loss of a fat fee will make the more intelligent stud handler take a sharp look at the environmental conditions that might have taken the gleam out of his expensive pooch's eye. But where instinct will tell a dog with a beat-up libido that it isn't even worth trying, instinct

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"You see, this idea has caught on like wildfire in my town. Not a day goes by without my phone ringing with women calling for appointments. The beauty of it is that once a woman becomes my customer, she calls back year after year. Not only that, she tells her friends, too, and they call me. Before I know it I'm swamped with work. (And at \$7.50 an hour net profit it doesn't take long before my bank account is really mushrooming.)

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"Just think: every house in town has furniture and most have rugs or carpeting. I concentrate on just the better homes and have more work than I can handle. You know why? Because women are fussy about their furnishings. Can't stand to see them dirty. That's why they call me over every year.

"The average job is worth \$25.00 to me and takes a little over 2 hours. Out of this, after paying for materials, advertising and other expenses I net about \$15.00 clear profit. This means I need just 8 jobs a day to clear \$111-250.00 in a year. Frankly, since this will be my first full-time year I'll be glad to hit the \$10,000 mark. But after that this business should grow larger each year until I have to hire men to help me handle the business.

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"Women can't believe their eyes when they see how it works. Colors appear bright again, and rug pile un-mats and rises like new.

"I don't have to soak rugs or upholstery to get them clean, which ends the problem of shrinkage, and means the furnishings can be used again the very same day. This alone has brought me a lot of customers.

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"As a Duraclean dealer I make money with five other services, too: **Duraproof**, which makes furnishings immune to moth and carpet beetle damage (it's backed by a six year warranty); **Durashield**, a brand new dirt-declaying treatment. It coats fabrics with an invisible film that keeps dirt out; **Durawater** flameproofs draperies, upholstery and carpets to reduce charring and the tendency of fires to flame up; **Spelcraft**, which consists of special chemicals for removing stubborn spots and stains; and **carpet repainting**. On jobs where I perform several services, I really multiply profits!

"One of the nicest things about being a Duraclean dealer is that whenever I need help—whether it concerns advertising, lining up local retailers as agents, keeping business records, almost anything at all—I can write or phone Headquarters and I get prompt, expert guidance. They maintain a staff of experts who are going "all out" to make my business a success. My services are nationally-advertised in famous magazines like McCall's, House

Beautiful and many others. I also get a complete advertising kit prepared by experts. (There's even a magical commercial!) I get a monthly magazine full of methods to build business and I can meet with other dealers at Duraclean conventions. I'm also backed by insurance. I fact there are over 25 regular services I get under their unique System.

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perioire every night but it's a cinch she'll work over at least one or two of her favorite themes. Any one of them will do, for basically they all point to the same flaw in Joe Smith. He isn't much of a man.

Repetition of the accusation, openly expressed or implied, soon has its effect. On the conscious level Joe may defend himself, argue that he does as well as the next fellow, even counter-attack by accusing his wife of cooking a lousy dinner. But subconsciously Joe's ego is writhing in pain. There is truth in what Mrs. Smith has been saying. She sees through him. He really isn't much of a man at that.

Of course, the evening won't be an unrelieved strain on their entire marital relationship. A noisy television comedian will probably make them laugh a little. A highball or two will give them a sense of well-being. By bedtime they will both be looking forward to the physical and emotional gratification they can find in each other. But when they come together in the embrace of man and wife—disaster strikes. Joe Smith finds himself unmanly—impotent.

Once . . . twice . . . three times . . . the bedroom tragedy repeats itself, and Joe is a man caught in the coils of nightmare. His wife is alternately kind and contemptuous, but never understanding. Both agree that there must be something physically wrong with Joe, and off to the doctor he goes.

If Joe has been unlucky in his choice of a doctor, he will be advised to go to a psychoanalyst. To his horror Joe will soon find himself paying out more money than he would have spent on the Cadillac and the split-level combined. The analyst will probe into his childhood, try to make Joe remember his toilet habits at age ten months and force him to decide that he always did hate his mother, his grandmother and his second cousin Mamie. For a year, maybe two, three or even more, Joe will pay out vast sums of hard-earned money, sweat over newly revealed sins of his

buried past, and continue to be as sexually impotent as a ninety-year-old patriarch.

On the other hand, if he has been lucky enough to go to the kind of doctor who seems to be growing more rare all the time, the doctor with a depth of understanding that goes beyond the textbook and the laboratory, the manhood that seemed forever lost to Joe will, in all probability, be quickly regained.

Beginning with a complete, thoroughly noseey and personal questioning, this doctor will soon bring out the facts that Joe works too hard, worries too much, doesn't know how to relax and is taking an awful psychic beating from his wife. Once he can make Joe see that he is paying too big a price for the life he is leading, the patient is saved. For with the exception of the minority of cases which show histories of severe psychic trauma, the usual case of impotence presents a comparatively simple picture to the doctor with an observant eye, an attentive ear and a sympathetic heart.

Most cases of impotence are temporary and readily responsive to intelligent treatment based on the elimination of the patient's unfortunate living habits, nerve-racking goals and endless self-recrimination for falling short of the standards set for him both by himself and his wife. But the doctor will only be able to help if the patient can be made to realize that without his sincere cooperation there can be no cure. What the patient must do in order to make a healthier mental and emotional life for himself will depend on the individual circumstances.

In Joe Smith's case it may only be necessary to make him realize that his sex life is more important than a vice-presidency in the company and that his boss does not demand of him quite as much as Joe thinks he does. A talk with Joe's wife may make her see how much she has contributed to Joe's decline, and bring about her reform. Both may quickly learn that Joe's well-being is more important than Cadillac, bigger, better houses

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and lots of money.

In another case no results may be achieved unless the patient changes his job. Or his wife may be so far gone in selfish shrewishness that only a divorce will ever give the patient's mutilated male ego a chance to recover.

The important things to remember is that the cases of this type account for the rise of sexual impotence in this country, that they can be helped to recovery, and that a change in our whole tempo of living would sharply reduce their occurrence.

As for sexual impotence of a more severe and permanent nature, there are the cases that have their origins in mental and emotional disturbances, ranging all the way from deep neurosis to schizophrenia. Treatment of such cases are properly in the realm of trained psychiatrists. Restoration of sexual potency to these patients will almost be of secondary importance compared to the giant task of solving the other problems their mental illnesses present.

Finally, there are the cases of true, physical impotence. While these are not uncommon after middle age, they occur only infrequently in the younger age group of our Joe Smith. Among the diseases and deformities responsible for physical impotence are destruction of the spinal cord involving the erectile fibers, pernicious anemia, untreated gonorrhea or syphilis, atrophy of the testes that sometimes follows typhoid or scarlet fever, and deformity of the penis, congenitally or resulting from accident.

Any debilitating disease will reduce sexual power. Oddly enough, the one exception is pulmonary tuberculosis. Many patients with this disease seem to have a tremendous sexual appetite and a robust capacity for performance. Unless curbed, however, their sexual indulgence will only aggravate the disease.

Chronic congestion of the prostate gland is a frequently considered cause of impotence. Urologists treat this condition with massage and diathermy, often with good but not always long lasting results. Some medical men maintain that the benefits

from such treatment are more likely psychological than physical.

Ironically and inevitably, it is about the subjects that men understand least that the greatest number of false notions spring up. Nor has the increase in the incidence of impotence been followed by a wider dissemination of scientific knowledge about this unfortunate affliction. Sad or funny may be the ideas the average man has on the subject, but rarely true. Many men believe that certain drugs can cure impotence and they become ready prey for the quack nostrum vendors who place double talking quick cure advertisements in magazines. In the last few years there has been much vague talk about sex hormones and their effectiveness as a quick spur to potency. What is not known is that these hormones are primarily of value in cases where a man's own glands are not secreting adequate quantities of hormones. In most cases—those brought on by mental and emotional strains—hormone injections cannot do much to help.

The notion that oysters and sea foods are wonderful builders of sexual power is almost equally fallacious. There are considerable quantities of healthful iodine in these foods but they can accomplish little as a specific remedy for impotence.

The fact about sex that men are most likely to forget is that its wellspring is in the mind. It is in the mind that desire first arises and it is there that the capacity for performance can be murdered. The damage we cannot see ourselves doing inside our minds we see manifested quickly enough in our bodies. It is hard for the man in full possession of his sexual vigor to visualize himself in any other state. Yet, as with so many other infirmities, what seems to strike suddenly has been a long time coming. The sexually healthy man couldn't do himself a greater kindness than to periodically take stock of himself, his mental and emotional habits and patterns. It is the best way to avoid the mischief so many Joe Smiths bring on themselves.

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